# Literary News and Criticism

## Some Valuable Impressions of British Rule in India.

THE WEST IN THE EAST FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW. By Price Collier. 8vo, pp. ix, 534. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The British government ought to confer an order of some sort on Mr. Collier, besides purchasing for distribution among its servants a voluminous edition of this book. At once a tribute and a criticism, it sheds really helpful light upon one of the most difficult problems in the history of modern colonial statecraft. Mr. Collier, we hasten to add, does not dream of offering a solution of that problem. On the contrary, he makes this judicious statement: "A year in the Far East has not converted me to any belief in my own omniscience. These sketches of conditions there are intended to furnish material to my countrymen for drawing their own conclusions, as I have drawn mine." But this material that he supplies is close wrapped in vigorous, careful thought. Hence the stimulating value of Mr. Collier's impressions. The best of all contributions to such a problem as that with which he deals is the one partaking of the nature of good conversation, steadily making for a play of ideas. This author is not a dogmatist pleading for specific action; his purpose is first and last merely to set his reader thinking.

There lies the heaviest responsibility of the man of action from the West laboring in the East. We have indicated the profitable character of this book for the Briton. Mr. Collier has written it with equal solicitude for the American. "Even if we were not in control in the West Indies and in the Philippine Islands," he says, "our position as guardians of the Panama Canal and as sponsors for the safety from aggression of the South American republics and our position on the Pacific Ocean force us to play a part in the East." A strong navy is not more important for the support of such a position than is a correct understanding of the East, and that is one of the hardest things in the world to achieve. How hard it is one may judge from the fact that the British, who have been in India so long, are still far from possessing a complete grasp upon the ways of the people they have undertaken to govern. The superficial observer turns from recognition of this fact to foolish condemnation of the King's ministers. Mr. Collier is too wise and has too keen a sense of humor to waste his time in the role of pedagogue, administering good and bad marks. He knows official stupidity when he sees it, and is frank enough, when he notes that it flows from a national habit of mind, to say so. But he looks, rather, with an abounding sympathy to the appalling complexity of the Indian puzzle, and is disinclined to blame anybody for making mistakes in attacking it. Take, for example, that cry of "India for the Indians," of which so much has been heard in recent years. Before the man of the West, with his easy notion that a homogeneous people is being dominated against its will by an alien power, begins to talk about a possible revolution in the East Mr. Collier would have him revise his ideas of the actual structure of Indian society. Here is a luminous passage on the subject:

> India is a continent, and not in any sense a nation. Travel from Bombay, let us say, to Peshawar, and from there drive into the Khaibar Pass, and as you travel you see people as different from one another as though you travelled from Seville to Moscow or from the City of Mexico to Vancouver, and yet this is all India. The error lies in confusing the idea of India, in talking of or discussing India, as though India were like Spain or Germany, like Mexico or Canada. She not only has layer after layer of races, but also layer after layer of religions, of forms of government, of customs and of ideals and prejudices. You are not dealing with one nation, nor with one religion, nor with one ethical code, nor with one language, nor with one general trend of social custom, but with scores and scores of them. There are half a dozen different languages and over five hundred different dialects. Not to know something of all this, and something of India's previous history, is to read of India and to travel in India with the mind blindfolded.

To follow Mr. Collier in his exposition of British strength and weakness in the face of the handicaps stated in the foregoing quotation is to marvel that the existing government has been as successful as it can justly claim to be. That it is not as thoroughly popular with the natives as it is effective in the preservation of their interests is due to an official shortcoming which Mr. Collier describes in words written by a distinguished Indian gentleman, appreciative of British reforms but doubtful of their conclusive efficacy. Asserting that a certain fatality seems to clog the steps of the government, this commentator says it is because "whenever it does anything useful for the people *it knows not how to do it with good grace.*" Mr. Collier italicizes the plaint, for there, he says, in a nutshell is the ever present criticism of British rule. "It is just, honest, but unsympathetic and ungracious." One practical policy he characterizes as "indefensible and contemptible." A peculiarly Indian industry, which has employed its hundreds of thousands of weavers and dyers, has been ruthlessly sacrificed for the benefit of the English manufacturer. The English weaver is protected by duties, preposterously high, from his Indian rivals. "British goods are forced upon India without duty, while Indian weavers were starved out by heavy duties. England bids India supply her with raw material, that she may employ her capital and her labor profitably and then sell the manufactured article to helpless India, deprived of the right to manufacture for herself. . . . We must all agree—Americans, French, Germans—that we should go to war in an instant against such unfair oppression." But this, we repeat, is the only charge of the sort that Mr. Collier has to bring against the government, and he is too hard headed to be lured by it into any sentimental advocacy of "India for the Indians."

To begin with, he cites the enormous benefits redressing the balance. He tells us what the railways and the telegraph have done to accelerate the circulation of the blood in the bodies of this congeries of states. He points to the vast development of agriculture through the creation of systems of irrigation. He dwells upon the introduction of the science of sanitation into a country that was suffering untold miseries and losses for the lack of it, and he recites the gains to be attributed to hospitals and schools. Again and again, too, he emphasizes the immeasurable service rendered to India by the British through the sterling honesty of their administration, civil and military, and through their gift of absolute justice to a people not only accustomed to corruption in the courts but actually fond of it. All this, the reader may say, he has heard before. But Mr. Collier materially heightens the significance of his report by constantly showing, in close contrast with British efficiency, the warring traits and the ingrained helplessness of the natives. He does this in chapters portraying various centres and their representative figures and in others which analyze the broad bearing upon the Indian problem of religion and caste, of the water supply in the fields and the money lender in the village. These chapters are packed with details, and we make no pretence of pursuing the latter at length. But we must testify to the sense they give us of conscientious, if not exhaustive, investigation and of the author's instinctive vision for the main point. That is the necessity for proceeding in the East with tact, and then again with tact, and then with more tact. Honesty and firmness—these are indispensable, but there is nothing talismanic about either virtue; without tact both may prove vain.

In all that he writes about India Mr. Collier himself delightfully affirms his possession of this resource. Even the most critical of the comments he has to offer are set down so courteously, as well as so reasonably, that the most prejudiced of Britons would have to concede his good faith, and, we believe, to thank him for his suggestions. A captious reader would be disarmed, too, by the mere charm of the book. Not in a long time have we come upon impressions of travel so fresh and so interesting as these. We would not exchange "The West in the East," or at any rate the chapters relating to India, for a boxful of novels. The notes on things Chinese are readable but of lesser weight, and the author's remarks on Japan are curiously disappointing. The disparaging observations he has to present are doubtless true enough, but he does not make us feel here, as he does in his talk about India, that he has seen "all round" his subject. In fact, his picture of Japan seems out of perspective, to be tinged, as though in spite of himself, by an unconquerable prejudice in the author. Oddly enough, we condone the inadequacy of his Chinese and Japanese chapters far more readily than a positive wrongheadedness which repeatedly crops out when he has occasion to refer to a subject having nothing to do with the East. His remarks on France constitute just so many incomprehensible blemishes, which Mr. Collier ought to expunge for the next edition of his invaluable book. As a direct result of its secular education France is suffering from physical and moral dry rot. In France reverence has been knocked on the head and faith smothered in ridicule. France has substituted a sham equality for constitutional liberty. France is a land of pose and phrase, egotism and skepticism. There is in France a seething mass of corruption, political and moral. In short, France is incurably decadent, a very shambles. Well, we would like to read a book about that great country by Mr. Collier, for if he gave his mind to the task he could not but write to good purpose, and to his severest conclusions we would be bound to attend with respect. But, to tell the truth, the views we have cited seem but the nonsensical outbursts of an ungovernable spleen. On this subject Mr. Collier ought to read, say, M. Hanotaux and Mr. Bodley, study French life with a little more sympathy and thereby restore his sense of proportion.

## A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES

### A Newspaper Man's Struggle for Independence.

A LIVING WITHOUT A BOSS. Illustrated. 12 mo, pp. 231. Harper & Bros.

The newspaper man who describes in this book his own and his wife's new departure in life received his "blue envelope" when he was forty. His weekly "space string" had been gradually shrinking for some time, all of which, being interpreted to the laity, meaneth that he was discharged from the staff of his paper after the steady decrease of his average weekly earnings had warned him that his best days in his chosen profession were over. "A reporter is as good as his legs"; and he had been a reporter for nearly twenty years, earning enough for his own and his wife's support, but never a surplus to lay by for a rainy day.

Their total capital wherewith to start life anew amounted to $800 in the bank. Both agreed that journalism was no longer to be thought of, and both agreed to follow the advice so insistently given nowadays in books and periodicals, that of a return to the country. Not to the soil, as the sequel proved—except in so far as a kitchen garden, a chicken run and a Belgian hare run supplied their own table—but to those that live thereon; and it is astonishing how many ways there are of earning a living in the country aside from farming. This book proves it.

These adventurers in the country of their birth did not lower their social standard, else the task would have been far easier. "Summer residents" know how difficult it is to find men willing to do odd jobs in the country, and when such men are found they usually turn out to be immigrants, French Canadians, Irishmen, Germans, Swedes and the like, but natives hardly ever. The energetic ones have been drawn to the cities; only the shiftless ones remain. And this is true also of the men of a higher grade:

> The country needs business men; business would grow about the energetic enterprise of a man going up there with intelligent capacity to handle both the city end and the country end. . . . The most curious thing about it is that up to forty or fifty years ago there were plenty of men doing just the kinds of work I have mentioned; not only commission merchants, but mechanics and artisans. The movement of the best has been uninterruptedly toward the city. . . . In a broader sense than is ever supposed there could well be a movement of "back to the country."

The city man, who had never even gained the suburbanite's miscellaneous stock of experience, hired an old farmhouse not entirely inaccessible to the city, but beyond the belt of suburban rents and real estate values. His first attempt at earning a livelihood was keeping the books and attending to the correspondence of the local livery stable keeper, freight carrier and expressman, payment being "in trade," first of all by the hauling of the newcomer's belongings to their farmhouse, leased with an option to buy at $8 a month. Then followed an agency for a barbed wire concern, and, later, connections with real estate dealers in the city. Both the manufacturer and the real estate men had connections in the place, but these correspondents waited for business to come to them, instead of going after it. The picture drawn by the author of neglected opportunities, of undeveloped prosperity, if not wealth, in the country are impressive, and, what is more, they are intensely practical and suggestive.

The little volume is, indeed, of great practical value as an economic document, not merely for those who at the approach of middle age are confronted with the problem of finding a new livelihood, but also for young men who are seeking in overcrowded cities a promising first start. It is not oversanguine, it holds out no hopes of wealth, but it points out the possibilities of a sane, healthful, independent and comfortable existence, and, what is more, he can continue to earn it well into a ripe old age: "The country is ready to use a man as long as he can totter. He may go to his work leaning on his cane, but he is welcome. The best local carpenter was seventy-nine, 'goin' on to eighty, and goin' some,' as the village parliament that gathered nightly at the store loved to put it."

Success was not won without a bitter struggle by this valiant couple. Disaster faced them for a long time while they sought their footing, and the drain on their small capital, however well controlled, went steadily on. The first winter was one of bitter hardship for these city dwellers, accustomed to steam heat and hot water supply, ignorant of the ways of country comfort. But the neighbors were neighborly and helpful even when their true incentive was pure curiosity, as when, leaning over the newcomers' fence, they gave them good advice about planting and pruning and cutting, and taught them how to distinguish between a dead and a live branch on an apple tree, even in winter when trees are bare of leaves.

Last, but not least, this is a delightful tale of adventure in the here and now, touched with humor and optimism and the pretty sentiment of true, helpful companionship in marriage. The old newspaper man has not lost his skill with the pen.

## LOVE AND ITS COUNTERFEIT

### Twelve True Stories of the Past.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF THE THEATRE. A Record of Theatrical Romance. By Charles W. Collins. Illustrated. 8vo, pp. 327. Duffield & Co.

This volume is still another addition to the sort of biography, chiefly of English manufacture, that has of late begun to compete with fiction as light entertainment for thoughtless readers. Much of it is frankly and designedly scandalous, some of it is more or less reliably informing, and not a little of it is decidedly amusing, as the byways of history and biography, its gossip and bagatelles often are. Taking its cue from a certain fashion in fiction, this school of romance pays special attention to "temperament," to the love affairs, happy and unhappy, of personages whose fame was won in far different fields—to the incidents of their private lives as apart from their public careers. And all too often it gives to these incidents an importance out of all proportion to the moral and social standards of their period. As the philosophic Syrian said when the "Salome" battle was at its height: "A head cut off was of so little significance in her day and country. Why make so much to-do over it now?"

Gossipy Mr. Collins's book is, rather scandalous, much less romantic than his title would lead one to expect, and, here and there, informing in an historically rather unimportant way. Its chief offence lies in its highfalutin style when the author digresses from straight narrative to philosophize, when he becomes "psychological," or undertakes to moralize. He rises to sensationalism when drawing a pen picture of the notorious Lord Rochester, and revels throughout in expressions like "wanton stage" and amour, but his French calls urgently for the proofreader, and he condemns the stage where the blame for the conditions he describes really should rest upon the manners and morals of the period, whether it be in the England of the Restoration, or the France of the Directoire or the romantic movement.

Whoever is responsible for the adjective "great" in the title of the volume, the author himself substitutes the more fitting word in the first line of his text. "Pretty, witty Nelly," he says, "is an inevitable first choice for heroine when the notorious romances of the stage are viewed in their historical perspective." And so he begins with the notorious Nell Gwynn and the notorious Charles II. Here the woman is by far the more attractive figure of the two, but throughout these twelve "romances" this is but rarely the case. Marie de Champmeslé was entirely unworthy of the love of a Racine; her English contemporary, Elizabeth Barry, can only serve as a peg upon which to hang a paper on Otway, the plays he wrote for her, and the letters he penned to her in his blind and unrequited adoration. With the best intentions in the world, no "great love story" can be constructed out of the problematical relations between Anne Bracegirdle and William Congreve, who both, moreover, have a right to the benefit of the doubt, as the author himself confesses. As for Peg Woffington, David Garrick's temperamental limitations made their story far from a great one; and the House of Hanover does not shine in the case of Mrs. Jordan. Perdita Robinson and George IV, on the other hand, were most unromantically well matched.

Adrienne Lecouvreur's story owes its posthumous pathos chiefly to the ingenuity of two French playwrights, and Mme. Favart would have been forgotten long since but for a libretto which Offenbach set to music. Women doomed to come within the circle of the influence of Maurice de Saxe could not fail to outshine him in qualities of the heart. Mlle. Georges was a mere incident in Napoleon's life, even though she proved a true friend in the day of his downfall. And as for Marie Dorval and Alfred de Vigny, that was but the case of Mme. de Champmeslé and Racine all over again, the case of the poet's imagination clothing an unworthy woman with qualities of womanhood that she did not possess, making her fortune on the stage only to be rewarded with ingratitude and treachery.

All this, and much more, may be read in Mr. Collins's gossipy, rather scandalous, and not always romantic book, which is a good average specimen of its kind.

## FICTION

### Castles and Palaces, Lumber Camps and a Vicarage.

#### A PRETTY ROMANCE.

PANDORA'S BOX. By John Ames Mitchell. With four illustrations by the author. 12mo, pp. 390. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Romance rosy and golden is still with us. Our inheritance from the past, it accompanies us from nursery and playground across the threshold of unfolding life, when we live it in the days of our youth, to re-live it again in later years, unless we have grown crabbed, in reminiscence, or vicariously in stories such as this. So here is a brave romance of the springtime of life, its smiling blue sky and radiant sunlight, a romance of the daughter of a hundred earls and of the son of an American fortune, into which, as he himself explains, his father had been cheated. To enjoy such a story one must surrender to its author's mood, refuse to listen to the voice of criticism. "I never saw such a sunset in my life," said Turner's housekeeper when he proudly showed her his latest canvas. "No, but don't you wish you had?" asked the infuriated painter.

Mr. Mitchell loves to give a touch of the occult to his fiction, and did so with signal success in "Amos Judd." In the present story the touch amounts to little more than a trick of the memory on the side of the woman and a perhaps scientifically defensible condition of inherited memory in the case of the man. And Pandora's box plays anew the very part of love's postoffice which it had been made to play many years before. Parts of the plot clash a little with the prevailing mood, the prevailing color scheme of rosy gold; the wicked old ogre especially is perhaps a little too realistic for so gossamer a fiction of the tender dawn of love, and in the comparison between two national social standards the victory is no doubt too easily given to ours by the frankness of British mercenariness in matters matrimonial; but, as has just been said, in the case of fiction such as this one must surrender to the narrator without reserve, lest the pleasure be marred. Yet in the end one cannot help reflecting what a consummate master of this dainty genre the author of "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" was.

#### GOOD REALISM.

CONCERNING HIMSELF. The Story of an Ordinary Man. By Victor L. Whitechurch. 12mo, pp. 360. The Baker & Taylor Company.

This is one of those older fictions to which new writers like Mr. de Morgan and Arnold Bennett are giving a new lease of life—the older fiction that concerns itself not with an episode in its hero's career, but with his mental growth and material progress from birth to death. Mr. Whitechurch does not accompany his "ordinary man" all the way on his path, but leaves him contentedly settled in his appointed little niche in this world in an out-of-the-way, obscure English rural vicarage. It is the record of an average pilgrim's progress, in which there are no startling changes of fortune or destiny; the record of a life in which there are neither dashes nor exclamation points, nor asterisks—nothing but commas, inclosing clauses that merge unobtrusively into the narrative. And there is no promise of important outward or inner changes in the fuller life in common at whose threshold the author stops, leaving the final period to his reader's imagination. This is capital realism, unfailingly interesting in its simple, placid progress, plumbing no profound depths, reaching no great heights, maintaining the level of existence, of the undistinguished majority. There is knowledge of human nature and of human life in the book, whose pages are enlivened with a touch of quiet humor.

#### MUSCULAR CHRISTIANITY.

THE MEASURE OF A MAN. A Tale of the Big Woods. By Norman Duncan. 12mo, pp. 356. The Fleming H. Revell Company.

This tale of the lumber camps and lumberjacks of the Northwest is a companion volume to Mr. Duncan's earlier "Dr. Luke of the Labrador," with which story his many readers have persistently linked the name of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, notwithstanding the author's repeated statements to the contrary. In the present instance he has deemed it necessary, therefore, to warn us in advance that the hero of "The Measure of a Man" is not a portrait of the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, a missionary of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions in Minnesota, but, on the other hand, he admits that many of the incidents of his story have been taken direct from Mr. Higgins's own experiences in the field. The new book, one fears, is not likely to dim the fame and popularity of its predecessor. Written with the same unmistakable enthusiasm and conviction, it lacks, for one thing, the romance of grim hardship that gave "Dr. Luke" so striking a setting. The study of the man and his environment is less vividly conveyed. His work is told not so much in its achieving as in the retrospect; his conquests of a rude, primitive world in the wilderness, made too uniformly easy. Still, there are striking tales here of conditions that almost beggar belief.

#### IN THE BALKANS ONCE MORE.

THE RED FOX'S SON. A Romance of Bharbazonia. By Edgar M. Dilley. Frontispiece in colors by John Goss. 12mo, pp. 362. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

Once more the Balkans, and the intrigues and dangers of the confused succession to the throne of one of the peninsula's many imaginary principalities that have been traced on its map since the days of Ruritania. It is becoming increasingly difficult to invent variations on this *thème connu*, but the author has succeeded in inventing twins, the existence of one of whom is a puzzle to the Philadelphia physician from the moment he becomes involved in the tortuous game for a throne. He has rashly accompanied his polyglot college friend of obscure nationality to the shores of Bharbazonia. And so he is off in a whirl of conspiracy, mystery, secret orders, warring interests, of all the obligatory dangers and complications of a tale such as this. Not until the moment of the coronation in the cathedral is the matter settled, to the satisfaction of the American, his friend and everybody else concerned, not forgetting the Japanese chauffeur of the party—the first of his nation, we believe, to mingle in near-Eastern affairs of state.

#### AN UNDESIRABLE STEPMOTHER.

MADAM MYSTERY. A Romance of Touraine. By May Crommelin. 12mo, pp. 368. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.

Colonel Cassilis, dying in India, left his widow and their two children to the care of his son and daughter by his first wife. The second Mrs. Cassilis was a Belgian, or at least so she said, and when the experienced reader encounters a foreigner in popular English fiction his suspicions are at once aroused. Once more they are well founded. It takes many pages to unmask the pretty, selfish little woman and to unravel her past, which is, indeed, a lawless one. And yet she was of excellent birth! All this would probably have remained hidden until the end had not Hope Casilis, the daughter of the first marriage, been ordered abroad for her health by a famous physician. She chose to tour Touraine, which beautiful country she and the readers of the story "do" conscientiously, personally conducted by the author, who freely mingles the guide book and French history with her fiction. And so Miss Cassilis's mysterious double is first heard of at Blois, and encountered again at Tours, traced to Chenonceaux, Chinon, and the castles of Langeais, Loches and Luynes, and cornered at last at Azay-le-Rideau.

## A GOOD BIOGRAPHY

### Professor Sloane's "Napoleon" in a New Edition.

THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. By William Milligan Sloane, Ph. D., L. H. D., LL. D. Library edition, revised and enlarged. With portraits. Crown 8vo, 4 vols., pp. xiii, 457; vii, 467; vii, 425; vii, 527. The Century Company.

Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte" was published fifteen years ago with great pomp of colored illustrations by famous French artists, in large form, and with a luxury of paper and binding that made its appearance the leading event of the publishing season. It is now issued in a "library edition" of four thick volumes, minus the colored plates, but with portraits. In his preface to this new edition Professor Sloane states that, in his opinion, "there is really very little controversial matter regarding Napoleon which is not a matter of opinion: the evidence has been so carefully sifted that substantial agreement as to fact has been reached." The work, then, in its present form, rewritten in parts, amplified in others, by the light of the masses of material that have been issued these last fifteen years, may be regarded as the author's definitive history of Napoleon. He has reduced the number of footnotes, to which, he says, experience has taught him to attach but slight importance, but has added to the heads of his chapters short lists of good references "for those who desire to extend their reading: experts know their own way."

In no essential point has Professor Sloane found cause to change his judgments. Amplified, especially in the case of Napoleon's early years, of the Continental system, the Louisiana Purchase and the "last phase," the work remains essentially the same in its interpretation of history and its estimate of the character and the achievements of the Corsican. Even in its original form, the work was widely popular, notwithstanding its price. That popularity is likely to be largely increased by the present far less expensive edition.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

### Current Talk of Things Present and to Come.

Mr. A. C. Myers, who is editing for the Pennsylvania Historical Society a complete edition of the writings of William Penn, has found unsuspected riches in England. He has discovered many letters the very existence of which had been forgotten. Of the eleven hundred letters of Penn which he will include in the edition only a little more than a third, it is said, have ever before been seen in print. A correspondent of "The Manchester Guardian" writes:

> He has also come across three unknown diaries, the most interesting of which is entitled "My Journey on Truth's Account Through Kent, Surrey and Part of Sussex." Mr. Myers is not content with searching America and England for material which will make his work as complete as possible. He is shortly going to Holland, Germany and France, where he believes there must be in existence several letters sent to friends, made either during Penn's Continental journeys with George Fox or during his two years' sojourn in Paris as a young man. Of particular interest to Americans will be the publication for the first time of two letters, one dated from Philadelphia, in 1683, shedding new light on the founding of the city, and the other, discovered in a duke's collection, giving information regarding the German immigration into Pennsylvania in 1710.

**"Marie."**

Mr. Rider Haggard has written a new novel in which Allan Quatermain, our old acquaintance, again appears. In this is told Quatermain's first love story. The tale is called "Marie."

"The Mahatma and the Hare" is the title of another new story from Mr. Haggard's pen—one which he calls a "dream story." It is coming next month from the press of Longmans, Green & Co.

**A Novel of To-day.**

Mr. A. E. W. Mason's new novel, "The Turnstile," will be begun as a serial in the October number of "Scribner's Magazine." It is a story of the present time. The scene opens in South Africa and is then transferred to England.

**Bismarck's Faith.**

There died in England the other day a woman who was accustomed to tell a personal anecdote of Bismarck which should be remembered. This was Lady Napier and Ettrick, widow of the one-time English Ambassador in Berlin. She was present when the great German confided his simple faith to Lord Napier that he believed in the direct interposition of the Almighty in the common affairs of mankind and in the efficacy of prayer.

**A Bostonian in Europe.**

A Bostonian who has lived for nearly forty years in Europe is about to publish a collection of the familiar letters which during that period he has written to his relatives in America. The volume, which is described as uncommonly entertaining, will appear next month from the Riverside Press.

**Books on Social Service.**

In "Citizens of To-morrow" Dr. W. B. Forbush has given an account, we are told, of all the forces that are working for the betterment of young people in this country. This forthcoming book is the first in the Social Service Series projected by the Appletons. The series will describe the various efforts at social reconstruction made throughout the country.

**Tragic Episodes.**

The writer who has published some of the most fascinating historical sketches of the past under the pseudonyme of "G. Lenotre" has lately produced a new volume not less absorbing in interest. An English translation of this book is to be brought out under the title of "Tragic Episodes of the French Revolution in Brittany."

**The Great White North.**

"Through Northern Mists" is the title of the history of Arctic exploration which Dr. Nansen has lately completed. He has been engaged upon this work for several years. His own drawings, with reproductions of old charts and engravings, will illustrate his two volumes.

**Beguiling Reminiscences.**

A volume of reminiscences which has aroused much interest abroad and which has been mentioned from time to time in these columns, is that of the Parisian physician, Dr. Poumiès de la Siboutie. It is pleasant to know that Putnam is issuing the book immediately. The doctor lived under six sovereigns, from Louis XVI to Napoleon III, and he wrote of all he saw and heard with singular vigor and vividness.

**Mayor Gaynor on Libel.**

The legal and ethical rights of free speech and a free press are discussed in an article which Mayor Gaynor has prepared for the October "Century." England and America constitute the field upon which he ranges.

**Coming Fiction.**

Mr. Perceval Gibbon is bringing out a new novel, the third of his South African trilogy. It contains at least one original character, a Kaffir doctor, educated in England. Mr. W. W. Jacobs's new collection of short stories, entitled "Ship's Company," will be issued about the same time as Mr. J. M. Barrie's "Peter and Wendy."

**Lear's Letters.**

A volume of the "Later Letters of Edward Lear" is nearly ready for publication. The author of "Nonsense Verses" was not nearly so amusing in his letters as in his rhymes; nevertheless, his experiences and his friendships in the period between 1864 to 1888 ought to provide some entertaining material.

**Roman Women.**

Two books dealing with the imperial women of ancient Rome are coming from the press. One of them, Signor Guglielmo Ferrero's "Women of the Cæsars," has been announced by the Century Company. The other volume, entitled "Lives of the Empresses of Rome," is the work of Mr. Joseph McCabe.

**He Wants to Know.**

Mr. Ellis Parker Butler—with whose name a most amusing memory of "pigs" is associated, and nobody can help feeling it, worse luck—has been sparkling with curiosity on a subject of "reasonable interest." It is in the September "Bookman" that the sparkling is done:

I want to know how Bernard Shaw
Likes beefsteak—fairly done, or raw?
I want to know what kinds of shoes
M. Maeterlinck and Howells use.

I have great curiosity
Regarding George Ade's new boot tree.
Has Carolyn Wells of late employed
Hairpins of wire or celluloid?

What kind of soap does London like?
Does Robert Chambers ever "hike"?
Or did he ever? Or, if not,
Does he like cabbage, cheese, or what?

I want to know the size of gloves
Oppenheim wears, and if he loves
Olives, and how his clothes are made.
What does he eat? How is he paid?

All sorts of things I want to learn,
That are not of the least concern
To any one. For, oh! and oh!
I want to know! I WANT TO KNOW!

I want to know, and know I will—
The printing press is never still.
For me it prints such facts as these!
I am the Public, if you please!

**The Anarchists.**

A formal history of anarchy, written by Mr. Ernest Vizetelly, is to be published soon under the title of "The Anarchists." It is stated that the book draws a sharp line between anarchy and nihilism, but it traces both to the teachings of Michael Bakunin—the Russian who is described by Mr. Alfred Austin as meeting a friend on the streets of Geneva and remarking that "despairing of the success of all projects for the amelioration of society and mankind, he was starving himself to death, which he calculated would occur in about three days' time!" Mr. Vizetelly treats the growth and results of Bakunin's doctrines in Europe and America, and sees the evolution of the theory of destruc-